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The BOYS™

SIXTY-FIVE

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The BOYS™

SIXTY-FIVE

In a world where costumed heroes soar through the sky and masked vigilantes prowl the night, someone's got to make sure the "supes" don't get out of line. And someone will.

Billy Butcher, Wee Hughie, Mother's Milk, The Frenchman and The Female are The Boys: a CIA-backed team of very dangerous people, each one dedicated to the struggle against the most lethal force on Earth- superpower. Some superheroes have to be watched. Some have to be controlled. And some of them- sometimes- need to be taken out of the picture.

That's when you call in **The Boys**.

Story by:
GARTH ENNIS

Pencils by:
RUSS BRAUN
(pages 2-17, 22-24, 32-36)
JOHN McCREA with
KEITH BURNS
(pages 1, 18-21, 25-31)

Inks by:
RUSS BRAUN
(pages 2-17, 22-24, 32-36)
KEITH BURNS with
JOHN McCREA
(pages 1, 18-21, 25-31)

Letters by:
SIMON BOWLAND

Colors by:
TONY AVIÑA

Cover by:
DARICK ROBERTSON

The Boys Created By:
GARTH ENNIS &
DARICK ROBERTSON

DYNAMITE ENTERTAINMENT
www.DYNAMITE.net
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Nick Barrucci, President
Juan Collado, Chief Operating Officer
Joe Rybandt, Editor
Josh Johnson, Creative Director
Rich Young, Director Business Development
Jason Ullmeyer, Senior Designer
Josh Green, Traffic Coordinator
Chris Caniano, Production Assistant

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ALL CALLSIGNS, THIS IS AWACS, WE HAVE YOU TURNING DUE WEST AFTER FINAL FORMATION R.V.. LOOKING GOOD.

YOUR TARGETS ARE SHOWING UP CLEAR AS DAY, AH, WE HAVE THE SAME MAGIC BOXES AS FITTED TO YOUR AMRAAMS AND WE ARE GETTING AN **AMAZING PICTURE...**

AH, ALL CALLSIGNS, AT THIS TIME YOU ARE WEAPONS-FREE, ACKNOWLEDGE?

BIG DUKE ONE, COPY THAT.

PREACHER ONE, COPY.

IDAHO LEADER, COPY.

CASTLE RED LEADER, ACKNOWLEDGED.

TOP CAT LEADER, COPY.

PAYBACK RED ONE, COPY THAT.

ARCHER LEADER, COPY LOUD AND CLEAR.

LET'S SEE WHO TAKES WHOSE FUCKIN' JOB.

OVER THE HILL WITH THE SWORDS OF A THOUSAND MEN

conclusion

SEE?

HNH--

THAT A DICKHOLE IN THE BACK OF IT?

WELL, YOU KNOW HOW IT IS.

IMPRESSIVE STUFF.

I'M NOT FUCKING TRYING TO FUCKING IMPRESS ANYBODY!!

I DON'T HAVE TO. THE WORLD'S MINE.

PEOPLE ARE TOYS, THEY'RE FUCKING *PASTE*, AND YOU AND VOUGHT AND ALL THE OTHER WORMSHIT CAN *FUCK YOURSELVES*--!

I DID THIS FOR ME. NOT SOME CORPORATE FAGGOT WIPING UP HIS CUM WITH BANKNOTES. *ME.*

BECAUSE I ALONE HAVE THE *MIGHT*--I CAN *TAKE* WHAT'S MINE, I DON'T HAVE TO SHARE, AND THAT MAKES THIS WHOLE FUCKING SHITBALL *MY BIRTHRIGHT*...!

SO REALLY JUST THE SAME OL' BOLLOCKS WE'VE HEARD FROM EVERY LITTLE ADOLF GETS A RUSH O' BLOOD TO THE COCK: YOU COULDN'T THINK OF NOTHIN' BETTER TO DO, COULD YOU?

WELL HERE'S YER PROBLEM. *CUNT.* PEOPLE AIN'T YER TOYS.

ONE OF 'EM IN PARTICULAR, SHE WAS THE EXACT FUCKIN' OPPOSITE O' THAT.

AH, OF COURSE. NOW WE'RE GETTING TO IT.

THE WIFE.

HE DON'T LOOK IT, BUT THE HOMELANDER WAS GROWN FROM STORMFRONT'S D.N.A..

STORMFRONT WAS JUST A KID INJECTED WITH COMPOUND V BACK IN THE THIRTIES, BEFORE VOGELBAUM TOOK HIM OUTTA GERMANY AN' HANDED HIM OVER TO V.A.C.. HE WAS HOT SHIT, NO DENYIN' THAT.

BUT THE HOMELANDER WAS SOMETHIN' ELSE AGAIN. THE V GOES INTO THE D.N.A. AN' THE WHOLE LOT GOES INTO A EMBRYO. SOME POOR BITCH GETS SET UP TO CARRY IT TO TERM.

THE LEGEND SAID...

RIGHT.

"WHICH IS WHY HE GROWS UP UNDERGROUND, WIT' A NUKE READY TO GO OFF IF HE LOOKS AT ANYONE SIDEWAYS.

"EVENTUALLY THEY FIGURE OUT, OKAY, CAN'T BLAME A NEWBORN KID FOR GOIN' CRAZY, JUST BAD LUCK HE HAS THE POWERS HE DOES. I MEAN BIRTH'S FUCKIN' TERRIFYIN' ANYHOW, THAT'S HOW COME NO ONE EVER REMEMBERS IT.

"VOUGHT PUT A LOTTA MONEY INTO THIS ASSHOLE, THEY DON'T WANNA JUST PULL THE PLUG. BUT ALL THE SAME, THEY AIN'T TAKIN' NO MORE CHANCES THAN THEY GOTTA."

THEY DECIDE THEY NEED A WAY TO PUT THE HOMELANDER DOWN IF IT EVER COMES TO IT. NOT A BOMB, SHIT LIKE THAT AIN'T PRACTICAL. SOMETHIN' THEY CAN USE ON HIM NO MATTER WHERE HE IS, SOMETHIN' THEY CAN SEND--

SOMEONE.

FUCK.

BLACK NOIR.

IN ONE. THEY TAKE THE D.N.A. AN' THEY FUCK AROUND WIT' IT SOME MORE. THEY GOIN' FOR SOMETHIN' ***NEW***--BETTER, STRONGER, ON ACCOUNTA WHAT HE'S GOTTA DO.

NOT THAT THEY TELL THE HOMELANDER ANY A' THIS. 'FAR AS HE'S CONCERNED, BLACK NOIR'S JUST SOME KINDA SIDEKICK--AN' THEN MAEVE AN' MARATHON AN' THE DEEP COME OUTTA THE SAME TEST TUBE, AN' ALL OF A SUDDEN THEY A TEAM.

"THE HOMELANDER'S HAPPY, 'CAUSE HE'S IN CHARGE.

"VOUGHT'RE HAPPY, 'CAUSE THEY GOT THEIR LIVIN' FUCKIN' WEAPON RIGHT NEXT TO ITS TARGET.

"BLACK NOIR'S HAPPY 'CAUSE IF HE EVER GETS THE WORD--AN' THIS IS THE GODDAMN REASON HE EXISTS, DON'T FORGET--HE CAN GET RIGHT THE FUCK TO IT."

SO--HAVE VOUGHT SENT BLACK NOIR AFTER HIM ***NOW?***

AIN'T THAT SIMPLE.

BRACE YOUR ASS.

I REMEMBER NOTHING ABOUT YOUR WIFE.

I'LL TAKE A GUESS AND SAY RAPE AND MURDER.

BUT I HAVE NO RECOLLECTION OF HER AT ALL.

THAT'S PRETTY TYPICAL. THERE ARE THINGS I REMEMBER AND THINGS I DON'T.

THE AIRLINER: YES. THE FAMILY AFTER BELIEVE: YES. THE LOVE OF YOUR LIFE: NO. THE THINGS I'M DOING IN THOSE PICTURES:

"NO, DEFINITELY NOT. I WAS SHOCKED BEYOND BELIEF WHEN I SAW THOSE.

"THANKS FOR POPPING THOSE ON YOUTUBE, INCIDENTALLY. THERE REALLY IS NO GOING BACK FOR ME NOW."

WHAT IS ALL THIS FUCKIN' SHIT, YOU TRYNNA WIND ME UP?

I'M NOT DENYING THAT. BUT I'M NOT LYING.

YOU--

I CAN CUT YOU IN HALF BY LOOKING AT YOU. WHAT DO I HAVE TO BE AFRAID OF?

WHAT POSSIBLE REASON COULD I HAVE FOR NOT TELLING YOU THE TRUTH?

WHICH IS THAT I HAVE NO MORE MEMORY OF KILLING THIS CUNT OF YOURS THAN I DO OF MY FIRST SHIT.

HA HA HA HA, DO YOU KNOW WHAT I HAVE JUST REMEMBERED? SEEING YOU STANDING THERE WITH THAT FUCKING STUPID THING?

HA! HA HA HA HA HA!

MAEVE--*HA!* SPEAKING OF CUNTS!

MAEVE HIT ME WITH A SWORD...!

HHEEEEENNNHHH

HHEEENNNHHH

WHAT--

WHAT ARE *YOU* DOING HERE...?

HHEE--

TIME GOES BY AN' THE SEVEN MAKE VOUGHT A GODDAMN FORTUNE. HOMELANDER LOOKS LIKE HE'S BEHAVIN' HIMSELF. EVERYONE BREATHIN' A BIG FUCKIN' SIGHA RELIEF.

BLACK NOIR KINDA SLIPS INTO THE BACKGROUND. DON'T SAY MUCH, DON'T DO MUCH. COMPANY SHRINK CAN'T GET SHIT OUTTA HIM, JUST SAYS THE DUDE'S KINDA WITHDRAWN.

WHAT THEY DO SEE IS, HIM AN' THE HOMELANDER SEEM TO BE DOIN' OKAY. THEY AIN'T CLOSE, BUT THE HOMELANDER KINDA LIKES HOW BLACK NOIR'S ALWAYS AROUND--HE DON'T KNOW WHAT THE MUTHAFUCKA'S THERE FOR, ALL HE SEES IS SOMEONE FOLLOWS HIM PLACES AN' DOES LIKE HE DOES.

I MEAN THEY GO TO HEROGASM, THEY GO TO DOC PECULIAR'S... THEY EVEN FUCKIN' GIRLS TOGETHER, IF YOU CAN BELIEVE THAT SHIT...

WELL WHAT'S, WHAT'S, WHAT'S THIS GOT TO DO WI' WHAT'S GOIN' ON NOW--?

"GETTIN' THERE.

"WHAT NEARLY SETS SHIT OFF IS THE PHOTOS WIT' THE HOMELANDER KILLIN' THEM FOLKS. WE DON'T KNOW WHO SENT 'EM, BUT WE MAKE SURE HIM AN' VOUGHT GET COPIES THE VERY NEXT GODDAMN DAY.

"ALL WE DOIN'S FUCKIN' WIT' 'EM, SAYIN'--WE KNOW THE BIG SECRET, DON'T EVER GET TOO FUCKIN' AMBITIOUS. 'COURSE, BLACK NOIR COMES A CUNT HAIR FROM GETTIN' THE KILL ORDER THEN AN' THERE, BUT WE NEVER KNEW THAT AT THE TIME..."

WELL WHY DIDN'T THEY JUST GO AHEAD WITH IT?

MONEY AGAIN. HOMELANDER'S A WALKIN' FUCKIN' LICENSE TO PRINT IT.

THEY LOOK AT SHIT REAL HARD AN' DECIDE IT'S WORTH THE RISK. FAMILIES WERE IDENTIFIED FROM THE PICTURES; TURNED OUT THEY WENT MISSIN' SIX YEARS BEFORE. SO THIS GETS CALLED AN ISOLATED INCIDENT.

WELL THEY'RE EVIL FUCKERS, BUT...I STILL DON'T SEE...

YEAH.

THERE AIN'T MUCH ELSE IN BLACK NOIR'S FILE. ALL I COULD DO WAS THINK THROUGH WHAT **WE** KNOW ABOUT HIM. WHICH AIN'T MUCH.

JUST MORE QUESTIONS.

HOW DID HE SURVIVE FALLIN' FIVE GODDAMN MILES ON NINE-ELEVEN? HE AIN'T SUPPOSED TO BE ABLE TO FLY.

WHY WOULD HE DO THAT SHIT TO YOU AT HEROGASM, THEN NOT TELL THE RESTA THE SUPES WE THERE?

HOW CAN HE CUT A DUDE IN HALF AN' WRECK A PLANE AN' WALK AWAY ***ON FIRE,*** AN' NOT EVEN FUCKIN' REACT TO THAT SHIT? 'CAUSE THAT'S WHAT THE REPORT ON IT SAYS, ***NO SIGNS OF DURESS EXHIBITED WHATSOEVER.***

AN' I THOUGHT ABOUT IT. AN' THOUGHT ABOUT IT.

AN' I WONDERED...WHAT IF THE HOMELANDER WASN'T EVER THE ONE THAT NEEDED WATCHIN'?

NO...NO, THAT...

I MEAN WHAT HE WAS DOIN' FROM THE START, EVEN WHEN HE WAS BORN...!

NO. JUST THINK ABOUT A ONE-MINUTE OLD BABY WITH SUPERPOWERS.

NOW TRY THIS: YOU'RE BLACK NOIR, YOU GOT ONE JOB TO DO AN' ONE JOB ONLY, ONE SINGLE FUCKIN' REASON TO BE ALIVE.

"AN' IT LOOKS LIKE THE SON OF A BITCH AIN'T NEVER GONNA OBLIGE YOU.

"IS IT POSSIBLE...*JUST POSSIBLE*...THAT YOU MIGHT DO SOMETHIN' TO TRY AN' *MAKE IT* HAPPEN?

"IS THERE SOME WEIRD FUCKED-UP CORNER A' YOUR MIND WHERE YOU CAN MAKE THAT SHIT MAKE SENSE?"

WAIT A MINUTE, HE'D HAVE TO BE COMPLETELY FUCKIN' *INSANE*--!

HE'S SITTIN' ON THE KINDA POWER MEANS YOU CAN BENCH A DOZEN MACK TRUCKS, AN' HE CAN'T USE IT. HE'S A ASSASSIN LIVIN' WIT' HIS TARGET. PERMANENTLY.

THAT BE ENOUGH TO GET HIM THERE?

I MEAN SHIT, HUGHIE, HE'S A FUCKIN' *SUPE*--IT AIN'T EXACTLY LIKE IT NEVER HAPPENED BEFORE. NOW MAYBE HE WENT CRAZY 'CAUSE A' THE JOB THEY GAVE HIM, MAYBE HE WAS LIKE THAT ALL ALONG--LIKE THEY FUCKED UP THE D.N.A. RIGHT AT THE--

NO-NO-NO-NO-NO, HANG ON, THIS CAN'T BE RIGHT! IT DOESN'T MATTER WHETHER BLACK NOIR'S MENTAL OR NOT, THE HOMELANDER **DEFINITELY IS!**

THERE'S WHAT HE'S DOIN' IN THE PHOTOS--FOR FUCK'S SAKE, THERE'S WHAT HE DID TO BUTCHER'S--

YEAH.

IS THERE?

UM, COME AGAIN?

I WAS THINKIN' IT THROUGH, LIKE I SAID.

STARIN' AT HIS PICTURE IN THE FILE. THAT STUPID FUCKIN' MASK STARIN' BACK AT ME.

NO EYES. NO MOUTH. JUST BLACK.

I'M THINKIN' I CAN'T EVEN SEE YOUR FACE, MUTHAFUCKA...

AN' OUTTA NOWHERE IT FLASHES INTO MY HEAD.

THE SHIT YOU GOT ON MAEVE, THAT YOU STOLE FROM THE DOC'S.

REMEMBER THE TRANSCRIPT WHEN THE HOMELANDER CALLS BLACK NOIR?

GETS HIM TO COME DOWN THERE SO THEY CAN TRICK MAEVE INTO FUCKIN' HIM?

HL: She'll never know, she won't figure it out until afterwards. We're the same size and everything, it's just too fucking good to be true. It's going to be hilarious.

Okay, I'll take the heavy breathing as a yes. I'll see you soon. Third from the front on the east side. Don't fuck it up or we'll never get another shot.

HHEEEENNNNHH

HHEEEENNNNHH

I DID THINGS

YOU...

YOU'RE...

I PUT ON YOUR SILLY SUIT AND I

DID THINGS

...YEAH.

YOU FUCKIN' DID, DIDN'T YOU?

HHEEENNNHH

SO MUCH MORE THAN JUST *THAT*

SO MANY THINGS THEY'LL *NEVER* KNOW

LOVELY THINGS I LIKED SO *MUCH*

SO LOVELY SO *SCARY*

BUT HAD TO KEEP DOING THEM

HAD TO GET READY FOR

THE *BIG* ONE

OH MY GOD.

IT WAS YOU.

IT WAS YOU IN THOSE FUCKING--

HHEENNNHHHH

I *TOOK* THEM

CLICK CLICK

CLICK CLICK

I *TOOK* THEM

WHY, FOR FUCK'S SAKE...?

TOLD ME

TO *KILL* YOU

BUT THEY WOULDN'T LET ME DO IT WOULDN'T SAY DO IT WOULDN'T *SAY*

SO LONELY

SO SCARED

SO EXCITED

FOR SO *LONG*

GOT THE LITTLE PEOPLE GOT YOUR SILLY SUIT GOT MY *CAMERA*

THEN I GOT MY PICTURES BUT IT'S *SCARY*

SO BIG SO *SCARY*

HIM

KEEP MY PICTURES KEEP THEM THEN WE HEAR ABOUT

SEND HIM MY PICTURES

HE KNOWS WHAT TO DO

HHEEEEENNNHHH

OH JESUS

WHAT HAVE I DONE

ARE YOU SCARED?

OF THE NOTION, BY ANY SANE MEASURE OF REALITY--

THAT YOU'VE DONE SOMETHING CATASTROPHIC?

WHY CAN'T I DO THE THINGS I CAN DO...?

I WAS ALWAYS TERRIFIED... BECAUSE I WASN'T...

I'D NEVER HAVE DONE *ANY OF THIS* IF I DIDN'T THINK I'D ALREADY--

IF THAT WASN'T ME IN THE--

OH JESUS CHRIST ALMIGHTY.

DO YOU KNOW WHAT THIS MEANS?

IT MEANS YOU TURNED INTO A FUCKIN' PSYCHOPATH BY MISTAKE.

AN' FUCK. THEM. UP.

GOT TONE. GOT A LOCK.

ARCHER LEADER, FOX THREE.

OKAY, JUST CHILL. LET THEM COME TO US.

WE TOO SMALL FOR THEM TO PAINT US ON RADAR, JUST DUCK WHATEVER THEY THROW AT US AN' THEN GET IN AMONGST 'EM.

FOX THREE.

FOX THREE.

FOX THREE.

FOX THREE.

FOX THREE.

FOX THREE.

JESUS FUCKIN' CHRIST!!

WATCH IT, YOU STUPID SHIT--!

MOVE, MOVE! OUTTA THE WAY!

OUTTA THE FUCKIN' WAY!

NO!!

YOU FUCKING FUCKING FUCK YOU FUCKED MY LIFE!!!

FUCK ME--

JESUS!

HEY--!

FUCK!

LOOK TO YER FRONT! LOOK TO YER FRONT!

YOU'RE GONNA HAVE A TARGET ANY SECOND, BOYS, SO GET FUCKIN' READY!

LISTEN, I'M JUST OFF THE PHONE WITH M.M! BLACK NOIR'S--

THE SPIT O' THE HOMELANDER AN' HE'S THE ONE DONE IT ALL. YEAH.

HOW...?

RIGHT, SHIFT YER ARSE THERE, MATE.

DUDE, ARE YOU LIKE ENGLISH OR SOMETHING--?

YEAH, THAT'S RIGHT, DUDE.

I'M LIKE ENGLISH.

OH, FUCK, I DON'T LIKE THE LOOK OF THAT...!

SHOULD WE HEAD OVER THERE? LIKE MAYBE HELP?

AFTER YOU...

COWARDS--!

WHY DON'T THEY FACE US?!

FACE US!!

WHAT?

YOGI LEADER, ROLLING IN.

COME ON, MARINES! POUR IT ON!

BODYBAG THE MOTHERFUCKER!!

THE ONE

SIR?

YOU GOTTA BE FUCKING KIDDING ME.

50 CAL.

COME ON, MARINES! POUR IT ON!

HHEEENNNHHHH

HHEEENNNHHHH

OH MY FUCKING GOD--!

RUN!!

AH, TARGETS LOOK TO BE DISENGAGING, HEADED STRAIGHT FOR THE POTOMAC--

AAAAAAAHH!!

SUPE SOUP.

BIG DADDY AND BUFFALO SQUADRONS, GET SOME WHILE YOU CAN.

HHEENNNHHH

HHEENNNHHH

HEE--

MMF--

YOU KNOW...

I'M ALWAYS TELLIN' PEOPLE NOT TO MAKE A SONG AN' DANCE AT TIMES LIKE THIS.

BUT HERE WE ARE AFTER ALL THESE FUCKIN' YEARS.

THE WAY I SEE IT, THERE MIGHT BE ENOUGH O' THIS SHIT STILL WORKIN' THAT YOU'RE HOLDIN' ONTO ONE OR TWO MEMORIES.

AN' IF I'M LUCKY, THIS BIT HERE...THIS BIT *RIGHT FUCKIN' HERE...*

THIS IS THE NIGHT YOU DONE WHAT YOU DONE TO MY BECKY.

AH, JOE STEPHENS AND HIS PEOPLE JUST MADE IT THROUGH TO THE PENTAGON, SIR, THEY WANT TO KNOW IF WE'RE TAKING PRISONERS?

HUH.

NOW THAT IS A GOOD QUESTION.

GIVE US A MINUTE HERE, WILL YOU, MATE?

AYE...

SURE.

OH, BECKY.

I'M SORRY, LOVE.

THAT AIN'T WHAT YOU WOULD'VE WANTED AT ALL.

THAT WAS A HUNDRED PERCENT ME, YOU WOULD'VE HATED WHAT I'VE DONE WITH ME LIFE.

AN' WHAT I'M GONNA DO NEXT--

YOU'D HATE THAT MOST OF ALL.

THE END